

DRAMATIC MIRROR

AND LITERARY COMPANION.

DEVOTED TO THE STAGE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY JAMES REES.]

[PUBLISHED BY TURNER & FISHER.

VOLUME I.] PHILADELPHIA, AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1841. [NUMBER XV.

MISS EMMA INCE.
Thou movest an airy form of light,
A thing almost divine;
I might not dim thy fortune's bright,
By praise so faint as mine.

Scarcely has sufficient time elapsed for the graceful action of a Celeste to be dimly remembered, ere we are again fascinated by the "poetry of motion," in an Elssler! To the former may be ascribed the taste which seems to pervade the community in the appreciation of the exquisite movements of the latter. The career, however, of Celeste, was one of mingled complexion,—clouds and sunshine,—joy and alternate sorrow!

The profession of the stage, it has been justly remarked, is indeed of varied, of uncertain, and of changing hue—a commingling of the light and shade, in most forcible and opposing contrast, and where too often, the shadow most fearfully predominates; it is in fact a world of wild adventure, full of alluring promise, but too often repaying such promise, with the bitterness of disappointed expectation. Few, very few, attain the degree of eminence, which render them independent of its mortification, and its trials, while the many toil through a long life of thankless servitude, and at last drop into an unhonored grave, the blighted victims of "hopes deferred."

It is not my purpose at present, to enter into any detail of incident connected with the career of these distinguished danseuses, but simply to state, that with Celeste there originated several youthful aspirants for this source of fame and emolument. Miss Maywood was the first who made her appearance on the Chesnut Street boards, after the close of Celeste's engagement, and created quite a sensation in the public mind, until superseded by Miss Lee, whose personal charms, and some cleverness as a danseuse, made a more favourable impression.

Having thus briefly set in review a few of the prominent characters who have appeared in this line of profession, immediately preceding the appearance of the subject of my present sketch, I will now present the reader the following particulars in relation to Miss Emma Ince. The frequenters of the Walnut Street theatre, are nearly all familiar with the features and graceful movements of this truly interesting, and charming little danseuse, for—

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath flower dash'd the dew."

On inquiry, I gleaned the following information touching her debut and subsequent appearance on the stage. Her first appearance was at the Walnut Street theatre, in April, 1839, (being then only ten years and nine months old,) in the character of Zoloe in "La Bayadere." The piece was performed by the

stock company. Miss Lee personating Fatima. In this debut Miss Ince proved successful, and the piece run the whole week, although the theatre had been previously doing a bad business, and the manager producing it without much expense. She was subsequently engaged by Wemyss at the Front Street theatre, Baltimore, and her engagement resulted profitably both to herself and the manager.

In May following, she appeared at the Eagle Street theatre, Buffalo, and though badly supported had a successful engagement, drawing full and fashionable houses, during the entire week. She afterwards fulfilled engagements at Detroit, Buffalo, and Toronto, (Canada,) where a small theatre was opened principally to produce *La Bayadere*—here, also, she played to full houses, and had a large and fashionable audience at her benefit. On the occasion of her benefit at Buffalo, she performed the part of *La Sylphide*, and had an excellent house. At present, she is attached to the Walnut Street company again, and daily improving in beauty and elasticity of step. In the celebrated dances of the *Cachucha*, *Smolenska*, *Cracovienne*, *El Jaleo de Jerez*, and *Pas Danubé*, she has severally appeared, and afforded much gratification to all who have witnessed her pleasing efforts. It has been remarked by several competent judges, that she has not been excelled in the trial dance in *La Bayadere*, by any other danseuse in the country, except Elssler.

From the present indications, there is much of promise in "the budding womanhood," of this young and popular dancer. The rapturous applause and *encores* which have attended her dances, affords sufficient testimony of a very complimentary character of the manner in which they are appreciated by the audience. And it is deservedly bestowed on one, whose modest deportment, is only equalled by her unobtrusive merit.

There is the germ of talent plainly visible in her present performance, which will raise her to a high niche in the pleasing art which she has chosen for a profession. In refinement and delicacy of style, she is certainly unsurpassed by any of the juvenile dancers who have ever appeared on our stage. The impressions produced by Elssler, are still vivid in the recollection of the writer, and has enabled him to test with severity, whatever *faux pas* were discernable in the dancing of Miss Ince, and in her conception of those identical *chef d'ouevres* of that celebrated danseuse.—These were few, be it verily spoken, and what has appeared worthy of particular notice, was the modesty of deportment and dress peculiar to herself, which adds materially to the beauty and perfection of the art.

It has been observed, that "comparisons are odious," and even with this sage proverb before me, I must frankly state that with the due appreciation of the merit of all the youthful dancers, who have appeared on our stage these several years past, there is not one whose powers of pleasing, have in the least, (in my opinion) equalled those of Miss Ince.

Up to the time of her first appearance in *La Bayadere*, she had received only eight months tuition in dancing, from Mous. P. Hazard, who so successfully produced Miss Maywood.

In closing these few and desultory remarks, the writer would wish it distinctly understood, that he is not, in any manner, interested in bestowing this complimentary sketch, further, than as a merited tribute to one whom he regards in every respect worthy of such high consideration!

Miss Ince is personally unknown to him, and claims this "passing notice," from the display of her talents alone, which will eventually place her among the most celebrated danseuses of this or any other country.

That she may progress rapidly in her art towards perfection, "Winning golden opinions from all sorts of people" is the earnest desire of one, who deems himself her friend.

OLD MAIDS.

AN ORIGINAL PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Author of *Virginius*; *The Hunchback*, *The Wife*, &c.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The House of Lady Anne.*—A Room.

Enter LADY ANNE.

Lady Anne. He thrives beyond my hopes! Leave an old maid

Alone to make a man, reforming him
After the fashion likes her. Women prate
Who talk of conquest, while they stoop to love!
What's sway for sway, but mere equality
Wherein the party least deserves to rule—
And that, past all dispute, is man, the lord!—
Ne'er rests till he disturbs the perfect poise,
Into his own scale throws his might—that good
Wherein the brute hath mastery o'er him—
And to the beam heaves up the counter one,
To hang there at his will!—Had women but
The thews of men! My very girlhood solv'd
The riddle of their sovereignty!—Brought up
With two male cubs of cousins, was not I
A likely one the relative deserts
Of women and of men to put to proof,
And didn't I?—I beat them to a stand!
We started all together! Where were they
When I could read?—Why in the spelling-book!
When I was in subtraction, where were they?
A cudgelling their brains to cast a sum

Of ten lines in addition! I could rhyme
My tables backwards, while they fought with
pounds

Shilling and pence, that kept the upper hand
And laugh'd at them for masters! I could parse
While they on footing of most shy acquaintance
Kept with their parts of speech! In one thing
only

I found I met my betters—and e'en there
I tried them, though I came off second best—
I could not beat them when they quarrell'd with
me!

Because they held my hands!—They were afraid
To fight me!—But Sir Philip thrives apace,
And all of my performing!—And what pains
He takes to please me, with his air, his gait,
His dress, and most of all, his books. How fond
He is of study! I'll do all I can
To encourage him!—At last, he'll make a man

Enter JANE.

Well, Jane.

Jane. One asks to see your ladyship,
Whose forward manners call his years most
backward.

He looks but twenty, may you trust his chin,
But should be thirty and no minute wasted.
He told his will, nor gave me time to answer,
But, making of his arms a pillory
Began to kiss me, Madam! Smack on smack,
Quick as the clapper of the larum bell
That ne'er gives o'er before the weight is down,
Like him who still held on till out of breath!

Lady Anne. Hadst not a tongue, girl, to let
loose upon him?

Jane. I had, my lady; but my lips were
stopp'd.

Lady Anne. But when your lips were free!

Jane. The harm was done!

Lady Anne. I will not see him!

Jane. He is at the door!

Lady Anne. Shut it! Go ring the bell!

Enter LADY BLANCHE, disguised as a man.

Lady Blanche. And if she does,
I'll ring the changes on her lips again.

Lady Anne. Go call my footman!

Lady Blanche. If she bears them spite,—
For I shall trounce them soundly if they come;
I'll ring the bell; but mark the consequence,
Footmen or maids, I'll kiss you spite of them,
Before their faces! Be they maids that come,
I'll kiss the maids as well.—You see my mood;
So, be you squeamish, take me by yourself
And leave the bell alone!

Jane. Shall I ring, my lady?

Lady Anne. No don't!

Lady Blanche. You hear!—You mark!—You
know your cue?

You have not been your lady's maid in vain!
You're of no use!—Why loiter here?—Begone!

Lady Anne. I can command my maid myself!

Lady Blanche. You can!

But better now that I command than you,
For on rebellion clearly is she bent,
Seeing her absence leaves us two alone!
By all the arrows ever Cupid shot,
By all the hearts that ever rued his bow,
Thou art jealous of thy mistress!

Jane. Sir!

Lady Blanche. Thou art!

Thou wouldst we still were standing in the hall;
Thou wouldst my errand there were still to tell;
Thou wouldst the vales I gave thee in advance
Were still to pay—yea, thou wouldst give them
back

To have them paid again! I am willing—but
There is a time—there is a place—and this
Is neither place nor time—avoid thee, then!
For, were my love the fraught of twenty men,
Yet of one man I cannot well make two,
And though the lady's beauty trucks the maid's,
Yet must the lady's self precedence take!
So, Fondness!—I, save the room!—Nay, then—

Jane. (retreating from LADY BLANCHE.) I
am gone! [Goes out.]

Lady Anne. How wrong may thrive by sheer
audacity,

While, with amaze, propriety gives way
efore the thing she scorns!

B Lady Blanche. Give me a kiss!

Lady Anne. A kiss!—I never yet gave kiss to
man!

Lady Blanche. You have kiss'd me many a
time! Women forget
Their girlhood days! Their lofty age o'erlooks
Such tiny things!

Lady Anne. Kiss'd thee!

Lady Blanche. When we have stroll'd
Along green lanes in honeysuckle time,
With thrilling throats mocking the merry birds;
When we have chas'd each other 'mong the
sheaves,

Whose ears have lent us gold to make us crowns;
When, forced to keep the house in winter, of
Our plays we have made fires to warm ourselves;
Or when we have coax'd spring on with prim-
roses,
Till hedge-rows leav'd, and trees were all a-
bloom!

I have kiss'd thee all these times not to recount
How often we have sat on the same chair,
Or made a chair of one another's lap—
On the same carpet roll'd—slept in one bed!

Lady Anne. (shrieks.) Ah!

Lady Blanche. You may shriek.—There was
no shrieking then—

In short were comates more than hand or glove,
For still were we together!—Kiss me, Anne!

Lady Anne. Hoo! help!

Lady Blanche. Why, don't you know me, sim-
pleton?

Lady Anne. Blanche!

Lady Blanche. (bowing.) At your service.

Lady Anne. What may this forbode?

Lady Blanche. Why, victory! I cannot tell thee
now!

I came to put my masquerade to proof!

Lady Anne. 'Tis excellent!

Lady Blanche. And so, in verity

You took me for a man!

Lady Anne. In verity.

Lady Blanche. The dress becomes me!—Eh?

Lady Anne. To admiration!

Lady Blanche. Is not my carriage very like a
man's!

Have I not caught his tyrant strut?

Lady Anne. You have!

Lady Blanche. The style with which he bears
his empty head?

Lady Anne. You have!

Lady Blanche. His frown when he would
scare a man?

Lady Anne. You have!

Lady Blanche. His smile when he would
please a woman?

Lady Anne. You have

Lady Blanche. When thus I poise me on one
foot,

Planting at ease the other, with one hand

In my breast, the other at my side, with arm

Akimbo, say you were not in my secret,

Would you not take your oath I was a man?

Lady Anne. I would!

Lady Blanche. 'Twill do! Kiss me, dear
Anne, again!

Lady Anne. I hear a step.

Lady Blanche. Keep quiet, will you, Anne?
Jane. (running.) Madam—O la!

[Stopping short at seeing LADY ANNE with her
head on LADY BLANCHE'S shoulder, while LADY
BLANCHE kisses her.

Lady Blanche. How envy stops her breath!
You need not go—we do not mind you—well!

Your errand—if you have one—much I doubt
'Twas jealousy that brought you back again?

Lady Anne. (stillolling on LADY BLANCHE.)
What is it, Jane?

Lady Blanche. You see we're quite at home
With one another. Well, what is it, sweetheart?

Jane. Sir Philip Brilliant waits to see my lady.

Lady Blanche. Show him up stairs.

Jane. Well, if I ever dream'd—

Lady Blanche. She scarce can move for very
spite.—Begone! [JANE goes out.]

Lady Anne. What shall be done?

Lady Blanche. Done?—Let them show him
up!

I am sure I make as good a man as he is!

How changed Sir Philip is!—How grave he
grows!

I half believe my empire there is done!—
Why staid you yester-evening from the ball?—
I ne'er saw man so alter'd as Sir Philip!
He thinks! He does! Looks pensive, as I
live!

What brings him here, dear Anne?

Lady Anne. (hesitating.) To learn of me
How to make love to you.

Lady Blanche. Learn to make love
To me! How long since you have open'd
school?

You ne'er gave lesson on that art before!

But wit does wonders on emergency!—

Anne!—They say teachers learn the while they
teach!

Take care!—Amerecy, where's your old maid's
dress?

What do you teach Sir Philip?

Lady Anne. We read Latin

Together.

Lady Blanche, Anne!—I can translate your
Latin

Better than you can. Here your pupil comes!

Enter SIR PHILIP.

An o'ergrown boy, methinks, to go to school!
But such a one, if once he takes to tasks,
Makes progress.—Pays he thee in coin or kind?
Coin!—No such item in the schedule broad
Of love's estate, composed of thing as light
As sunshine!—Air!—the odour air exhales!
The softest sound it lends its limber wing!
Not that it always, yet, escheweth things
More tangible, begot of hands and lips!
Farewell! I never saw so clear a dawn?

Lady Anne. Dawn! It is day.

Lady Blanche. 'Tis dawn will grow to day!
I tell thee, Anne, 'Twas e'en Aurora's self
That now I spied—that early, modest maid
Who opens the curtains of the sleeping sun,
And, blushing, flies his gaze! Permit my lips
To press your hand.—Now, mark my bow!

(aside.) Adieu!

[LADY BLANCHE bows to SIR PHILIP, and
goes out.]

Sir Philip. (uneasily.) A handsome youth!

Lady Anne. Umph? Well enough!

Sir Philip. He seems

An old acquaintance, for he kiss'd your hand
Right lovingly!

Lady Anne. I have known him rather long.

Sir Philip. I would I had not come!

Lady Anne. Why, prithee?

Sir Philip. As

My call was out of time.

Lady Anne. Not so, Sir Philip,

The gentleman was just about to go.

Sir Philip. I am glad I came not sooner.

Lady Anne. Had you, sir,

'Twere all the same to me—except the pleasure
Of seeing you had been some minutes older!

Sir Philip. You make me happy.

Lady Anne. What's the matter with him?

Sir Philip cannot be in love with me!

Yet Lady Blanche would so insinuate—

Hang her! to note my cheek!—It had not
burn'd.

Except through her!—Why, what a world it is?

What wicked thoughts come into the people's
heads!

Behoves I watch myself!—We meet too often!

We are too much alone—Oh far too much!

His tasks must end, if he begins to love!

He has not told me so!—I'll wait till then!

I wonder, was he pensive as she said,

Or did she fancy it? Sir Philip.

Sir Philip. Madam?

Lady Anne. I pray you, how went off the ball
last night?

Sir Philip. Oh, admirably well!

Lady Anne. I knew it? She

Was jesting! I hate jests! Nine times in ten
They are out of season! 'Twas a pleasant eve-
ning?

Sir Philip. Very!

Lady Anne. I knew it!—What can change a
man

In a moment!—Can he doff himself as soon

As his coat? The days of miracles are over!

And so you pass'd a very pleasant evening?

Whom danced you with?—The countess?

Sir Philip. Nobody.
Lady Anne. You play'd, at cards—who was your partner? She?
Sir Philip. No one!
Lady Anne. They gave you music?—You can sing.
 I have heard you sing a second to the countess. A capital second!—I was pleased with it, That am not mov'd with trifles!—Did you sing Last night together?
Sir Philip. No; I sang with no one.
Lady Anne. A solo then?
Sir Philip. I did not sing at all!
Lady Anne. Singing is very well in its way; but many Love conversation better.
Sir Philip. Very many!
Lady Anne. For mine own part, give me a corner, with
 A friend I love to talk with, and the song May hold its peace for me!
Sir Philip. I feel as you do!
Lady Anne. The countess can talk well.
Sir Philip. Surprisingly—
Lady Anne. When she likes it. Was she in the vein last night?
Sir Philip. I did not note!—I saw not much or her.
 I was not in the vein for company.
Lady Anne. Pray you, Sir Philip, who were at the ball?
Sir Philip. Upon my word, I scarce remember who!
 I better could recall who was not there!
Lady Anne. Who was not there?
Sir Philip. Why, you!
Lady Anne. That sounds like love!
 'Tis well I be upon my guard in time!
 Repel the foe before he can make head!
 Yet to be like a thing, is not to be
 The thing itself! It may not, yet be love.
 The enemy I take up arms against
 Myself may conjure up '—alarums sound,
 Where no attack is meant—that would be hard
 On him!—to lose, without a crime, the friend
 He stands so much in need of—then the credit
 I must forego, if I forego the task
 I took in hand, to make a man of him!
 See how he cons his lesson like a boy!
 Get the desk ready—I shall follow you.
Sir Philip. I will! I vow I love to read with you.
Lady Anne. He loves to read with me! were it charity
 If that I construed into loving me?
 He stands too much in awe of me to love me!
 But, say he does—what business is't of mine?
 Let him look to it—I have not the fever.
 He caught it not from me. I'm in sound health,
 Was never half so well! my mind sees clearer!
 My heart feels lighter. I am twice myself.
 He loves not any one!—or if he does.
 'Tis clear as open day 'tis not the Countess.

[Goes out.]

To be Continued.

For the Dramatic Mirror.

THE ADVENTURES OF SIMPEY.

CHAPTER IV.

A worthy couple—result of a midnight plot.
 Lamentable situation of our hero.

On the evening alluded to in our last chapter, Simpey had crept into his little bed in a room adjoining the office of Lawyer Brief, and the entrance of that gentleman, accompanied by Smith, awoke him from a slumber into which he had fallen. The innocent can always sleep sound, but innocence and suffering are sometimes inclined to battle with the soft wooings of Morpheus. So it was with Simpey—he had cried himself to sleep—the first words that reached his ears were spoken by Brief, and were startling.

"Damnation! the old fool—to make such a will!"

"But, sir—the old will, in which you are named as executor—cannot that be used? destroy this one." These words were uttered by Smith.

"Ah! Smith, you are a sensible boy, and I regret that I did not know your worth before; by acting as executor I have the whole control of his property—and then, dear Smith, you know I can assist you—but, my dear boy, this new will must be secured—I—I do not think we ought to burn it; there is something sinful in the destroying another man's property!"

"Yes, and I should think as much in saving another man's property for your especial use! Now, look you, Mr. Brief, I am a boy, it is true, but dam'me if I ain't man enough for you, or any other lawyer in the world!"

"What mean you, my dear boy, eh!"

"Why I mean simply this—give me two thousand dollars cash, and I will leave the place—you may burn, destroy, cheat, lie and swear about it afterwards as much as you please, for what I care—give me that amount of money and I am off; if not, I will blow all!"

"Dear Smith, don't speak so loud, Simpey sleeps in that little room."

"Hell and the devil, then he has heard all—look you, Mr. Brief, that boy is my bane—I hate him; turn him away, kick him out of your employ, and dam'me if I don't deduct five hundred dollars!"

"Agreed—on to-morrow I will give you the money—and you—"

"I quit the place forever! I hate this village; that little rascal crosses my path at every turn, and old Brown left him—"

"Hush!"

"O! never mind. If he wakes, this knife will soon silence him!"

"Smith, you are a bold boy!"

"I am, Brief—and it is said I was born to be hanged—what was the use of born-ing such a chap, for such an end, eh?"

Here the two worthies drank, talked, laughed, and blasphemed together. Old Brief shone out in his true colors—Smith talked big, and swore he would perform all he boasted of doing.

Simpey lay silent—his little heart was almost bursting—he had heard things he wished he had never heard—His brain whirled, and his little senses reeled; he lost all consciousness—he had fainted under mental excitement.

He arose next morning unfreshed; Brief was busily engaged in his office, and when Simpey entered he was securing a small tin box with a padlock. "Ah, Simpey! get breakfast, put more wood on the fire, do you hear?"

After the breakfast things were removed, Brief called Simpey to him—

"Look here Simpey, you are a little rogue."

"Sir!"

"Yes, a rogue, do you know that I have been robbed?"

"Robbed, sir?"

"Yes, robbed! that piece of silver you gave me to keep for you, with several others, are gone, stolen. Now as no one has ingress to this room but you, you must be the thief, eh?"

"Mr. Brief, it is useless to talk to me, a poor boy whose character is blacken'd by that rascal Smith—let me be called thief or rogue, no matter, I am still honest—tell me to go at once; you last night bargained for my dismissal."

"Ah! eaves-dropper, scoundrel, you—you heard all—ha?"

"Yes, I heard all, and if Mr. Brown is to be found—"

"Never, never, you have sealed your fate; when a man commits one crime, he will not hesitate to do another to hide it. You shall die in a prison, what ho! there!"—and Brief rushed out of the room, taking care to secure the door behind him.

There was now but one hope, but one way—his benefactor's fortune lay before him in a tin box—his means of escape from a window, ten feet from the ground; it was but a moment's thought: he heard footsteps on the stairs; he heard the voices of men, he seized the box, he raised the window, and in a few minutes Simpey was beyond the reach of Lawyer Brief and his myrmidons!

Simpey was now branded as a thief—he was pursued, hunted. While he lay in the hollow of a log, to which he fled for safety, he heard the tread of many feet, no doubt, of the persons sent in search of him—he was now, to Brief at least, a valuable prize.

"I am safe—his property is safe—ha! ha!" and the old log echo'd the sounds in high glee.

Night came on and the wind whistled through the trees, and the old log became rather uncomfortable.

"This is no place to sleep in," Simpey muttered—"I will be frozen to death—what am I to do? I cannot even remain in the village. No, I must go to town and seek my fortune there!"

He crept out from the log; it was very dark and drear—a few scattering lights from the cottages guided him on his way—he took the most unfrequented path, and the clock struck ten when he knocked at the door of Mrs. Maguire. The lady had just gone to bed—her poor blind son, somewhat reconciled, to his life of darkness, had retired at an early hour; the knock was repeated, and to the question, "who's there?" the answer, "poor Simpey," was immediately the signal for opening the door.

(To be Continued.)

Theatrical Battle.

No person in the smallest degree acquainted with theatrical affairs, can be ignorant of the strong spirit of rivalry that exists between Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and that has prevailed since the first establishment of those theatres. The anecdote I am going to relate, affords probably the strongest instance of this spirit that is on record. When Garrick's celebrity was at its highest pinnacle of glory, Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, engaged Barry and Mrs. Cibber, performers of very great talents, and high reputation, and entered the lists with Garrick in the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. Barry performed the young Montague, and Mrs. Cibber the delicate and elegant Juliet. Garrick produced the celebrated, but frail and unfortunate Mrs. Bellamy in Juliet while he played Romeo. Every exertion within the compass of human power was made by both parties, and the public opinion was held for a time divided between the rivals. The warfare was continued for twenty nights successively. At length Rich, growing tired of the contest, abandoned *Romeo and Juliet*, and Garrick in triumph had it represented one night more. The constant repetition of the same play disgusted the public, and gave rise to the following epigram, which was published in the papers of the day—

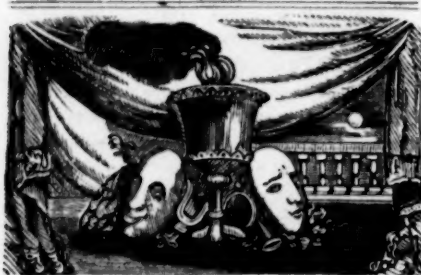
"What play to night?" says angry Ned,
 As from his bed he rouses.

"Romeo again!" he shakes his head—

"A plague on both your houses."

The Dramatic Mirror, having now attained a large circulation, through all parts of the country, is the best medium now issued, of advertising all matters connected with the Stage.

First insertion, 4 cents a line.
Each subsequent do. 2 cents do.



DRAMATIC MIRROR, AND LITERARY COMPANION. Saturday Morning, November 20, 1841.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Dramaticus*," enclosing sketches of Mr. Parsons, the English actor, and Mrs. Cibber, are received. We cannot promise him an early insertion, as we have numerous biographies of American actors and actresses, which with us always have precedence.

"*Meddler*," had better attend to his own business.

"*F*," has our thanks.

LONDON THEATRES.

We notice in the several papers of our city, an article headed, "First Theatre in London," which goes on to say—"The earliest patent for acting comedies, tragedies, &c., is dated 1574." The license to James Burbage, and others, in 1574, mentions comedies, tragedies, interludes and stage plays, which is no doubt, the ground for the opinion that this is the earliest date, but it is an error, for regular tragedies, and comedies, were played prior to this and in places called at the time, *Theatres*. In 1561, it has been said, that "The persecutions of the preceding government had left Elizabeth without dramas and without players." These representations, or revels were then held at Westminster, Somerset Place, the tower of London, Greenwich, Hampton Court, Windsor Castle, New Hall, &c., &c.

1561—2, Christmas was kept with great splendour. On the 18th of January, there was a play in the Queen's Hall, at Westminster, by the gentyl men of the Tempull, after a great mask, for there was a great scaffold in the Hall, with great tryhumps, as has been sene, and the morrow after the scaffold was taken doune." This is the first historical subject regularly brought upon the stage of that country, and is the joint production of Sackville and Norton, and is called *Ferrex and Porrex*. It was immediately followed by *Julius Cæsar*, which is the earliest instance in which events from the Roman history were dramatised in English. This was played February 1, 1562. A writer of that period thus speaks of it—"The first day of February, at nyght, was the goodlyst maske cum out of London that ever was sene, and a hundred and od gorgiously be sene, and a hundred cheynes of gold, and as for trumytetts and drums, and as for torche lyght a hundred, and so to the court,

and dyuers goodly men of arms in gyll harness and *Julys Cæsar* played!"

On the 3d of September, 1566, the Hall of Christ Church was used as a theatre, and Edward's "Palamon and Archyte," was performed before the queen. At Grays Inn, which is usually called a theatre in the old annals, was performed a prose comedy the same year, called "The Supposers." Between the year 1567, 1568 the following plays were represented before her majesty, viz. "As plain as can be;" "The Painful Pilgrimage;" "Jack and Gill;" "Six Fools;" "Wit and Will;" "Prodigality Orestes."

The order to suppress theatrical representations upon scaffolds, &c., was confined to the vicinity of London; but that order contains nothing regarding those buildings appropriated to theatrical representations, because such as then existed were not within the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor and Alderman; the inn yards to which their objections were confined, where within the limits of the city.

The first theatre built in London of a character suited to the regular drama, with stage, scenery, was called "The Theatre," it was situated in Shore ditch, and was erected in 1570. There were also two other places of amusement about that time called the one, Paris Garden, the other the Bell Savage, or Theatre—the latter was one of the inn yard class, and only temporarily applied to the performance of plays.

The "Curtain Theatre," built in 1570. Previous there could have been no division between the audience and actors, as this theatre takes its name from the fact of its having a piece of cloth which opened in the centre and drew from side to side, by means of running upon a rod, and which was called—a curtain.

Black Friar's was built in 1575 by James Burbage, who obtained on the 10th of May, 1754, a license from the queen, as servants of the Earl of Leicester.

In 1575 the Lord Mayor and corporation of London issued an order expelling all players from the limits of their jurisdiction. For this purpose Burbage fixed upon the precincts of the Black Friars, and on the strength of his license, erected as stated above, the theatre, giving it the title of the place of its locality. White Friar's was built in 1576.

The Globe theatre, 1594. It was here the immortal Shakespeare played "his many parts."

The Fortune theatre, 1599. To show the diversity of opinion regarding the London theatres, Maitland calls this theatre the oldest in London.

The Newington theatre, 1580.

The Hope theatre, 1585.

The Rose theatre, 1585.

The Swan theatre, 1595.

These theatres were opened on the sabbath, which caused great scandal. In 1598, the Rose and Curtain theatre were in good reputation, and the subject of particular notice of the writers of the day, this is the more singular as the Globe and Black Friars were both then open, and Shakespeare, a principal writer for them. It is true, Shakespeare was noticed rather harshly by a critic of that period, who in speaking of the Bard, says, "He imagined himself the only *Skakescene* in the country."

The Newington theatre was certainly of ancient foundation, although we have put it down at 1580, and it appears to have been originally opened for the amusement of those who strolled out of London in the summer to amuse themselves with shooting at the target or otherwise.

The Red Bull theatre.

There is no account of the erection of this theatre. It was no doubt an inn yard, like the Bell Savage.

This establishment was severely handled in a pamphlet entitled, "Abuses stript and hip,"—published in 1613.

After the suppression of the theatres in 1647, it was used for the clandestine representation of plays.

The Cock Pit, or Phoenix, converted into a play house in the early reign of James I. It was no doubt inferior to Blackfriars, if we are to judge from the following, published in 1629 taken from "*Young Gallants Whirligig*."

"The cock pit heretofore would serve his wit,
But now upon the Friar's stage he'll sit."

Between 1570 and 1600, no less than eleven places had been constructed for, and applied to the purpose of dramatic exhibitions. An attempt was made on the building of the Fortune, in 1699, to limit theatres to only two, it seems to have entirely failed; and at the death of Elizabeth, most, if not all the theatres, above enumerated, were open. The employment of inn yards for the performance of plays was discontinued, for the regular houses of the kind were established.

MR. CHARLES HILL.

This gentleman and lady leave this week for N. Orleans to join Mr. Caldwell's company at Mobile, under the management of Mr. Barton—the classical actor of the South—[how he ever attained that character is still a mystery, we think, however it can be solved and that by ourselves.] We hope our southern friends will receive these strangers kindly. The lady is a danseuse, and plays the *soubrettes*. Mr. Hill is a useful and intelligent actor. We had the pleasure of looking over a scrap book of his, which contains so much useful and general matter that we regret his absence the more on that very account.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE NATIONAL.—*London Assurance*.—This comedy seems destined to run the gauntlet through the whole country. Without again referring to its literary claims to public notice, we will, as in justice we are bound to do, review the characters and their delineators at this establishment.

Sir Harcourt Courtly—by Mr. Browne was decidedly a bad performance. We found fault with Mr. Lambert at the other house, but that gentleman's portraiture of the character was far superior. The fact is, we have not in our city an actor who can perform this peculiar line of business, and it is therefore needless for us to look for it. But we did expect better things from Browne, he has the reputation of an accomplished artist, and we have witnessed some of his efforts with much pleasure. His Sir Harcourt was coarse and vulgar, there was nothing of the accomplished old beau, the man of fashion about it—Robert Macaire and his snuff-box presented themselves to us in every movement, and if the author had invested the old

gentleman with one, we should have sworn to his identity in any court in christendom.

Dazzle—by Mr. Wallack, although it lacked the charm which Richings threw around it, was nevertheless well played, being perfect in the part and conversant with the business of the stage, he rendered it quite a feature. In the first act he was dressed to suit the time and place, emerging from the brothel, staggering and rioting through the streets—entering the house of Sir Harcourt Courtly, in company with his son, singing “We won’t go home till morning.” The audience of course makes every allowance for the disordered state of the dress in which he appears—but, we ask, was it such a one to wear, and appear before Max Harkaway and his daughter? If we mistake not the author has set down the dress he should wear, viz. “Light drab overcoat,” &c. In a piece like this, where much if not all depends upon costume and stage paraphernalia these little matters should be attended to.

Mr. Spanker—by Mr. Buckstone, was just such a performance as we expected, dull, stupid and insufferable,—if he be one of those *illustrious names* the manager alludes to in his bills of the day, he must have had, or intended to make some allusion to the dead:

“Here rest thy bones, in rich Hesperia’s plains,
Thy name, ’tis all a ghost can have—remains.”

Mark Meddle—by Mr. Burton. This gentleman has a peculiar faculty of making a character. His humour being so rich that if the author does not afford him sufficient room for its display, he dashes out and showers his wealth lavishly around him. On this occasion however, Burton had to contend against one who had adhered strictly to the text and made it a decided character, hence his taking that freedom which we most cordially condemn, is easily accounted for; least however, we should be accused of partiality in our criticism in favor of either establishment, it may be well to point out Mr. Burton’s departure from the text—“*I venture to affirm*” was introduced in conjunction with an addition “*boldly assert*,” so often that they became the chief attraction of his Meddle.

Max Harkaway—by Mr. Jones, was excellent. This gentleman has all the finish, and we may say, although somewhat paradoxical, all the rust of the olden time about him. It differed materially, however, from Mr. Wood’s. We see two Max Harkaways, both pictures, somewhat differently colored, but excellent for copies. His dress and appearance were good, and when Sir Harcourt Courtly and he were thrown together they looked for all the world like two portraits—painted by different masters, one the work of an *artist*, the other of a *daub*.

Charles Courtly—by Mr. Connor. We have no doubt that each and every actor strove hard to please and make as much of their parts as they could. We have said that one attempted more. Mr. Connor certainly succeeded in his endeavor. The scene between him and Grace relative to love and such folly was excellent, and what rendered it more so, it was natural—particularly the kissing part. If there is any thing in the world we like it is that. It, however, fell far short of the exquisite manner with which it was played by Mr. Davenport at the Walnut st. theatre.

Lady Gay Spanker—Miss Clifton. Gifted with great personal charms, this young lady did not astonish us in the character—whether it was owing to a nervous excitement, or the part not being immediately in her line—we know not, but it lacked the energy—the force—the fire—the soul as it were of such a creature as Spanker. There was too much studied air—a palpable disposition to shine without furnishing sufficient light—in fact, fond as we are of the accomplished *artiste*, we cannot accord to her our unqualified praise on this occasion. She has been praised by us in other days—and in other places, as we thought then justly. Her *Anne Boleyn* is before us now, rich in all the genius of her art, and blossoming amid the beauties of the author—perhaps the impression of that leaves no room to praise now. It may be so.

Grace Harkaway—by Mrs. Fitzwilliams. A very beautiful piece of acting—the lady, however, looked too old. There was too much of the matronly appearance about her *Grace*. The stage knowledge of the lady, and her being *au-fait* in all matters appertaining thereto—of course rendered her impersonation of this part pleasing—nothing more.

Pert—by Mrs. Cantor, was not bad—neither was it good. She did not invest it with that archness, and naivette which are so essential to such characters.

The minor characters were passingly well played.

The manager deserves much praise in the production of this comedy. The garden scene was really beautiful. He was called out at the conclusion of the play, and in a neat and appropriate speech returned thanks, &c, &c.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE—London Assurance has had a successful run at this house, and has lost nothing of its original charm by repetition. A change in the cast occurred during the week, which introduced Mr. Abbott in the character of Dazzle—and Mr. Richings in that of Sir Harcourt, Mr. Flynn as Spanker, and Mrs. Laforest as Pert. This change was caused by the absence of Mr. Lambert, Mr. Chapman and Miss Ayre, who go to Richmond. It is not our intention to extend the notice of this comedy, further than simply remarking that had Mr. Abbott, Mr. Flynn and Mrs. Laforest, been originally in the comedy they would have made what is termed in theatrical parlance—a hit—a decided hit.

ARCH STREET THEATRE—The members of this company have been trying their names for a benefit, and we are pleased to notice that they were well attended. Mr. Thoman had an excellent house. Miss Fisher is playing a short engagement here previous to her going south. She is a charming little actress, and cannot but win friends wherever she goes. If Mr. Lambert brings out *London Assurance* in Richmond, we would say to him that Miss Alexina Fisher would be the gem of the comedy as Grace Harkaway. We cannot conceive why she was left out of the piece in this city.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE—This ever-remembered Drury opens on or about the 1st of December. The management in part has fallen into our views in relation to this theatre, and acted no doubt upon our suggestion. If you carry it out, Mr. Pratt, and convert the pit

into a *parquette* you will still please the purse-proud—penny-saving—dollar-spending, aristocracy, and form a feature in the theatre which will prove attractive to all; you have lost money by adhering to bad advisers—now take the advice of one no way interested, and who personally knows you not, and that is, you must make your pit respectable, do away with the present plan, entirely—open it for families—in the manner stated above, place the second tier twenty-five cents—the whole of the lower part fifty-cents—get up a succession of novelties, and you will to use a familiar expression, ‘go ahead.’ A twenty-five cent pit won’t do—the twelve and a half cent system has ruined it, as an instance, during the engagement of Mr. E. Forrest, at the National when every other part of the house was crowded the pit was comparatively empty. At the Walnut, when the price was raised to twenty-five cents, nobody went there. Look to it. Make your pit a *parquette* beautifully fitted up and your fortune is sure. We are gifted with the spirit of prophecy.

NEW YORK.

PARK THEATRE—In a former number, we pronounced the production of *London Assurance* at this house, as the commencement of a new era in the annals of the drama, and prospective of that brilliant success, and extended patronage which marked its more balmy days. On this subject, we have never entertained but one opinion, an opinion which has been confirmed by experience, that the attractions of the drama have never in themselves failed, but that the failure has been in the management not keeping pace with the times, and progressing forward with that improving taste which so strongly characterises the age in which we live.

The arts are no longer in their infancy in New York, the eye of taste directs them in their growth, and judgment matures them. The stage then, in which the arts are or ought to be beautifully blended and combined, could not thrive while parsimony chilled its blossoms or genius fled from its arena.

To the prostration of the drama, under such circumstances as those to which we have alluded; do we owe the production of *London Assurance* with all those splendid attributes and classical elegancies, which true to taste and to the effects designed by its author, has furnished us with the date marking a new era in the history of the stage, and to that comedy, the production of Sheridan Knowles’ last new drama of “*The Old Maids*,” in the same classical taste and attention to costume. We have already said, Simpson, having made the first movement, could not retrograde: he cannot, he will be obliged to progress, but at the same time he will find his account in the ample receipts of his treasury, and in the beauty and fashion of our city lining his boxes.

The “*Old Maids*,” of Sheridan Knowles was produced on Monday evening with all the strength of the establishment in all its various departments, with the exception of Placide and Fisher; who are in themselves the souls of comedy, and for whom there was nothing assigned; indeed there is no character ranking as of much importance out of the female department of the drama. The author has expended the whole of his wit in working out

the characters of Lady Anne and Lady Blanche, all the other characters are but in mere outline or feebly drawn. We feel ourselves bound in candour to agree with the English reviewers on the merits of this play, it bears about it the stamp and mark of Sheridan Knowles', and that is all we recognise in its construction, the manner of working up the plot, the effort at variety in the formation of its characters, and also in passages of redeeming beauty interspersed throughout the five acts like gems of beauty almost obscured by the surrounding mass. We recognise it as the production of Knowles', but take it as a whole unworthy of the reputation he has acquired. The first act is full of promise—we are led to anticipate great things in the development of the characters of Sir Philip B.iliant, (Wheatley;) and Thomas Blount, (Fredericks;) but we are disappointed in the issue, the author seems wearied of them before the close of the second act, and the audience are quite so prior to the close of the fifth. This result however, did not spring from the inefficiency of the performers. Fredericks acted with more than usual energy, and where ever the author afforded him an opportunity, elicited the marked applause of the audience. Wheatley's Sir Philip was remarkably well dressed, and not at all deficient in skill, but there is little to be done with it and no effects to be produced.

The whole force of the comedy rests on Ladies Anne and Blanche, sustained by the two Miss Cushman, and most admirably did they exert themselves; the author is inirely indebted to them for its success on the Park boards. The acting of Charlotte Cushman in Lady Blanche, may be considered as one of the greatest of her efforts, while the Lady Anne of her sister will in a no less degree increase her reputation as an actress. We should be at a loss to point out one instance of a failure in the cast of the comedy; Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Wheatley, Mrs. Pritchard, Chippendale, W. H. Williams, &c., &c., are too well established in public favour, and in reputation to require more in their praise than that they played their parts with a lifefulness and fidelity doing credit to themselves, and justice to the management, while they could make nothing for their fame. The High Life Below Stairs of Sheridan Knowles' forming the under plot of the Old Maids, is deficient in that wit and humor which distinguish the High Life below Stairs of Garrick.

The scenery was beautiful, the dresses brilliant, and in good keeping; we were transported back to the days of Charles II. without one deficiency to disturb the illusion, and in the scene representing the old St. James Park with the bird cage walk, and gate of Whitehall, could fancy ourselves on the spot, and rambling with the author of Pamela through the shady walks where he composed some of the most eloquent and impassioned passages in his too elaborate fictitious histories.

We think with a good deal of pruning, Old Maids may be made attractive, but the pruning knife must be vigorously applied.

BOWERY THEATRE—It appears, the champion of England has proved a very good card at this house, Mr. Benjamin Gaunt, has been re-engaged for two nights, Mazappa and

Jack Sheppard never failing in attraction, have also been performed together, thus making up what is technically termed a strong bill, while preparations are making for the production of the grand pageant of Napoleon Bonaparte, which is to be produced forthwith.

Mr. S. Butler took his benefit on Tuesday evening, when his engagement terminated at this theatre. Macbeth was the tragedy produced for the occasion. Mr. Butler sustaining the Scottish thane, to the Lady Macbeth of Miss Cushman. We think Mr. Butler has not added much to his reputation by his efforts in this character, which is one of the most difficult in assumption in the whole range of the drama. Brilliant in passages, but imperfect as a whole, we are constrained to pronounce it an essay which has failed.

Mr. Butler has one recommendation which will elevate him above all pretenders to his art, while it will not lift him to that rank at which he aims. Mr. Butler is unquestionably a chaste and classic reader. He never offends the ear, while unfortunately he very seldom satisfies the judgment. He is not deficient in perception, but penetrates rather too deeply into the conceptions of his author, and mars the whole by artificial means, when, if he threw himself more freely into the character under assumptions, and more dependent upon his own first reasonings, he would be less obscure, and becoming more natural would be infinitely more effective. Mr. Butler has passed that period when the brilliance of youth in the display of its energies conceals the defects of study, or the want of genius; he must depend solely upon these, nor will the study of passages do much for him, he must study as a whole.—Macbeth not parcelled out in scraps—in piecemeal beauties of the author; but Macbeth the thane—the conscience-stricken victim of ambition, and the juggling witches of the blasted heath. Macbeth as portrayed by the inimitable pencil of Shakspeare.

Miss Cushman's Lady Macbeth, was not what we desired, but infinitely more than we expected. It was full of discrimination and good sense, but it lacked in that great charm—the cool and inflexible firmness of self-possession. Miss Cushman in many of its most prominent features, was too boisterous. Lady Macbeth is cool, deliberate, and masculine.

We did not like Wheatley's Macduff—it wanted weight and force. Wheatley is a young and rising actor of great merit, but it is not equal to Macduff. Fredericks was respectable in Banquo, and that is all. The scenes of the witches were well sustained by Chippendale, Fisher, and Williams. The excellent music of Matthew Locke was affectively given by S. Pearson, Mrs. Knight, Miss Taylor, and the choral choir. Mr. Andrews sung Hecate with credit to himself and the establishment. After the tragedy, Mr. Butler came forward to give *His extracts from his REMARKS ON THE DRAMA, as delivered by him at the principal LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS IN LONDON.*

The excitement which this announcement made, appeared to be principally confined to the profession, for the house was but very thinly attended at the period of its delivery, while the second tier of boxes exhibited a very ample show of very bad actors, who, if they were

there for improvement, or from curiosity, it would be difficult to say.

Mr. Butler's remarks however, was not very cogent, or very new, they were of course commendatory of the stage, advocating the cause of legitimacy, and solicitative of public patronage, for an institution which has benefited public morals, and advanced the social arts of society.

Mr. Butler's illustrations were in gems, and selected from the plays of Shakspeare, and references to the productions of Addison and Dr. Young. We think Mr. Butler might have entered into a wider field than that which he opened to us on this occasion. He offered no opinion with which we were not familiar in common with every man acquainted with the drama. He furnished us with no extract which had not its firm hold upon memory. While Shakspeare is redolent in beauties, and is probably more fertile in them, in his enacted than in his acted plays. If Mr. Butler furnished us with the passages from Shakspeare, as exemplars of his own reading, that becomes quite another thing, and we shall bear testimony to his delivery of the seven ages. But while we have Johnson, Stevens, Dodd, Warberton, and a numerous host of divines, who have commented on the works of the immortal bard, and bear testimony to his moral axioms and profound philosophy, we fear Mr. Butler has mistaken the road leading to the end proposed, he has afforded us nothing new, he has not wreathed another laurel for the brow of the great bard, nor wrought for the drama itself another claim to public approbation and support, we cannot agree with Mr. Butler that a taste for stage performances has declined. We are of opinion that the stage itself has declined—let genius cling to it, and fashion will enwreath it.

Had Mr. Butler extended his remarks upon the drama, to that extended catalogue of dramatic authors distinguishing the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we then should have more readily traced out the causes of its decline, and be brought to an understanding of the means by which it may be revived. In those times the highest poetic genius of the day, sought the stage as a fitting arena for the display of its extraordinary powers. Melo-drama was unknown, and those wretched abortions usurping the name of drama, unthought of. In our days, on the contrary—poetry expends itself in other channels, and flies the stage as unworthy of itself.

Mr. Butler may render himself a good and useful lecturer.

CHATHAM.—The lovers of minor theatricals can never fail of finding a treat within these walls—if not an intellectual one, at least one of a seductive form, of imposing effects, and a rich variety of scenery! Thorne is constantly on the look out for variety of some sort, and no week passes without one or two changes of a character adapted to the most greedy taste for melo-dramatic wonders and novelty.

Hofer, or a Patriot of the Tyrol, was produced on Monday evening, in which Kirby sustained the character of Hofer, and Mrs. Lewis that of his son, Elrick, to the entire satisfaction of a crowded house. This piece was followed by a drama founded on Monk

Lewis's popular Romance, called *Alonso and Imogene*, or the *Spectre Bride*; and the entertainments of the evening went off with considerable relish.

OLYMPIC.—Crummles holds on to mirth and good humour, we with difficulty squeezed ourselves into this temple of Mo-nus the other evening—it was a regular squeeze—Edwin has left, so it appears; but Mr. and Miss Wells are a vast acquisition to the strength of the company.

BOWERY AMPHITHEATRE.—This Circus opened for the season on Monday evening, under the management of the proprietors, Messrs. June, Titus, Angevine, & Co., and was literally crowded on the occasion; and the old established favourites, as they successively appeared were received with the most unqualified testimonials of applause. The evening's entertainment concluded with Billy Button, that never failing piece of broad equestrian humour.

ITEMS.

The Chestnut Street will open with *London Assurance*. Charlotte Cushman,—the dashing Cushman, and Henry Placide will sustain their original characters.

Otto Motty, is performing at Dinneford's theatre, Pittsburg.

The Segguins and Manvers, are engaged at the Park theatre for opera, they will not appear, however, until after the commencement of the new year.

Mr. Simpson is about to produce the *Comedy of Money*, on the same scale of splendour and attention to costume, characterising *London Assurance* and *Old Maids*. Money is an excellent comedy,—was admirably performed by the Park company, and will be attractive.

Mademoiselle Fanny Elsler returns to the Park on Monday evening next, to a short engagement and will appear in *La Bayadere*.

The new dramatic romance so long announced for performance at this theatre, will, it is said be produced for the approaching winter evening.

Charles Thorne, like Crummles is in search of novelty, and complains of the decline of melo-drama in London.

Hamblin is of opinion that as the sexton of Napoleon Bonaparte, he will make more money by his funeral obsequies than by his splendid victories.

A report is in circulation that the National is to be rebuilt. We do not believe it.

Jim Wallack, says he will not return to America until his friends cool a little in their pressing entreaties.

It will doubtless be interesting to our readers to know that Mr. Addis has been appointed stage manager, property man, and auxiliary of the Bowery theatre.

The first annual ball of the American Histrionic Association, (Thespians,) takes place on Monday evening next. It will be a great affair.

The London papers speak in the highest terms of Charles Kean's improvement in his profession.

Madame Vestris has prevailed upon Charles Young, the great tragedian, to resume his profession at Covent Garden. Charles Young is the greatest living tragedian. Macready will not be able to withstand his attraction upon the boards of the garden.

BALTIMORE.

Virginius, for the benefit of Mr. A. Addams, was performed at a very indifferent house, in consequence we presume of the rainy weather, this being the first appearance of the tragedian since his late misconduct, he was called for at the end of the play, made a neat and feeling apology, which was received with much favor, and an engagement for six nights, during which he promises to make amends for previous aberrations, has been the consequence.

A. Addams in *Damon*, on Saturday, completely reinstated himself in the good graces of the audience, he played with more than his accustomed energy, and was warmly applauded throughout, can't the theatre afford a better Dionysius than D. Angelis, where is Mr. Mathews, not gone we hope, he is too valuable an actor to be spared in these degenerate times. Eddy cannot play Pythias, he is a talented young man, but must not soar too high, he is a favorite of ours, plays a multiplicity of parts, in all of which he is "mediocre," to say the least he will excuse us then for saying he is not a first rate tragedian. Miss Mathews as *Calanthe* was sadly at fault in the words of the part, she is usually so correct, that the audience at once perceived there was something wrong; we ought not in justice to say a word upon the subject, and shall take the first opportunity, which she will not be long in affording us, to make amends for our want of gallantry. Mrs. Anderson is determined to keep her part a secret, she speaks in so low a tone that not one word in twenty she utters is heard, did she belong to the masculine gender, we hardly think the audience would tolerate such wilful negligence; but the ladies heaven bless them, are privileged characters. Mr. Harrison has had permission to retire, we met him with a pair of beautiful black eyes, more than nature lavished upon him; the fruits we presume of his late indisposition. Harrington, one of the best actors of his class, appeared as the Ghost in *Hamlet*, he is on his way to Richmond, where Chapman, Lambert, Miss Ayres, and Miss Alexina Fisher, are also bound, quite a galaxy of talent. Last night Harrington again appeared as *Macduff*, and Long Tom Coffin, he was well received, but we advise manager Wemyss to pay a little more attention to his rehearsals, such plays as *Macbeth* will not be trifled with, Addams was any thing but the Scotch usurper, he lacked dignity, and looked more like a bravo than a monarch, he is announced for *Richelieu*, which will put his powers as an actor to a severe test, with Forrest and Vandenhoff fresh in our memory. Of the *Pilot* the less we say the better, the audience would have been better pleased had they seen less of it.

Our correspondent is justly severe, he has our thanks for thus endeavoring to aid us, in a fixed resolve we have made to purge the drama of these foul stains upon its character.—Drunkards look out!!—

Who was the greatest Thief that ever lived?
Shakspeare.

For he stole from all ages, that, which though it enriched him made others poor indeed—ideas!!

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."

There is not a subject he has not written on, and so sublimely, that what others have attempted is but chaff, compared to his, the wheat.

We may be fond of him, but who does not envy the harvest he reaped; leaving a soil that man may wander o'er in vain, to find a spot untrod on by the robber. But he was not contented with the earth's produce, he must,

"Dive into the bottom of the deep.

Where fathom line could never touch the ground." to filch from poor old Father Neptune all he knew; and then he soar'd amid the clouds,

"To pluck bright honor from the pale fac'd moon"

that he might form a world of his own, and store it with that which he had pilfered this from.

"His brain he proved the female to his soul,

His soul the father; and these two begot,
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts peopled his little world,
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contended."

Riveting the Attention.

"Lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold."

"List! list! oh, list!"

During the performance of Miss Ellen Tree, at Baltimore one night, that lady was more than commonly impressive, and the audience who were delighted, became riveted literally to the spot. The play was over—the audience moved not, breathed not. The farce began, it was one replete with comic humour, ludicrous incidents, and laughable situations. Yet they moved not, smiled not. At last the performance terminated; the audience remained fixated. The lights were partially put out, still they moved not. How could they? Miss T's all-powering acting had actually riveted them one and all to their seats! What was to be done? They were statues, living, but immovable statues! All behind the scenes was consternation, and a consultation was held. The prompter was blessed with a bright idea, he suggested that the same cause that had transfixed them, might have the effect of loosening their rivets. Miss Tree was sent for, who hastily threw a cloak over herself, and hurried to the theatre. The curtain was raised—she rushed on—and, O, wonderful! the audience, as with one accord, rose from their seats, and greeted her, as with one voice, with a shout of triumph that fairly lifted the roof from the house. It is needless to say, that every body went home perfectly satisfied, strongly impressed with the extraordinary events of the evening.

RULES OF THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

1. That this association be called "*The General Theatrical Fund Association*."

2. That the present object of this Association be to raise, by subscription, from the Members thereof, and by voluntary donations, and bequests from members and others, a Stock or Fund for making a provision, by way of an Annuity, for aged and decayed Members, and such other provisions as hereinafter mentioned.

3. That the business and affairs of this Association shall be managed by twenty-one Directors, a Treasurer, Secretary, and three Trustees, to be elected as hereinafter provided and declared.

4. That the persons eligible to be future Members of this Association shall be all persons under the age of 50 who practice the art of acting as a means of subsistence in Great Britain and Ireland, and who shall have so practised such art for a term of not less than five years in some one or more of the Theatres contained in the schedule marked (A) at the end of these rules; and also the prompters of such Theatres who shall have so practised for five years, it being provided that such schedule may be amended or added to any General Meeting of the Association.

5. Each candidate for Membership shall send a written proposition to the Secretary, signed, in the way of recommendation, by any two Members, not in arrears with their subscriptions at the time of signing; and, on receipts of such recommendation, and of a Certificate of Birth, or affidavit or other sufficient and satisfactory evidence of age, and on payment of the proper admission fee, and the first Quarter's subscription in advance, such candidate shall be immediately placed on the books of the Association as a Member, and shall have delivered, or transmitted to him or her, at his or her expense, a Certificate of admission, signed by the Treasurer and one Director, and witnessed by the Secretary, and also a printed Copy of the Rules of the Association.

6. That every person who shall become a Member of this Association within three Calendar Months from the establishment thereof, that is to say, within three Calendar Months from the day on which these rules shall be finally adopted and bear date, shall pay an Admission Fee of one pound.

7. That every person who shall become a Member of this Association, after the expiration of six calendar months shall pay, if under thirty years of age, an admission fee of 2s.; if thirty

and under thirty-five years of age, an admission fee of 2*l.* 10*s.*; if thirty-five and under forty years of age, an admission fee of 3*l.*; if forty and under forty-five years of age, an admission fee of 3*l.* 10*s.*; and if forty-five and under fifty years of age, an admission fee of 4*l.*

8. That there shall be three classes of subscription, to be called respectively the highest class, medium class, and lowest class; the lowest annual payment of such classes respectively to be 6*l.*, 4*l.*, and 2*l.*

9. That the annual subscription of each Member who shall not have attained the age of thirty years, shall be either 6*l.*, 4*l.*, or 2*l.* at his or her option; and the annuities derivable from the Fund shall in each case be in proportion corresponding to the annual "Subscription," that is to say, that the annuity of a subscriber of the highest class shall be treble and of a subscriber of the medium class double, the annuity allotted to a subscriber of the lowest class.

10. That the annual payments of Members who shall have respectively attained the age of thirty years and upwards, as far as the age of forty-nine, and under fifty years, shall be taken according to the graduated ascending scale at the end of these Rules marked as Schedule B, and that the payment of such Members as shall be under the age of twenty nine years shall be regulated by the graduated descending scale marked as schedule C.

11. That the annual subscription of Members shall be made by equal quarterly payments on the first Monday in January, the first Monday in April, the first Monday in July, and the first Monday in October, in each year, and Members admitted between any two of such quarterly days shall have the option of dating their Membership from the then last, or then next, quarterly day of payment, as they shall think proper; but in every case such quarterly payments shall be made in advance.

12. That if any one quarterly payment of a Member shall be unpaid at the end of Seven days after it becomes due, such Member shall incur a Fine of One Shilling; if two succeeding quarterly payments shall be so in arrear, a Fine of Two Shillings and Sixpence; if three successive quarterly payments shall be so in arrear, a Fine of Five Shillings; and if four successive quarterly payments shall be so in arrear, a fine of Ten Shillings; but if four successive quarters' subscription, and the Fines incurred, shall remain unpaid for the space of One Calendar Month from the day on which the last quarterly payment becomes due, the Member so in arrear shall be struck off the List of Members of this Association, and be therefore excluded from all benefit derivable from its Funds.

13. That the funds to be collected for the benefit of this Association within the first Seven years from the final adoption of these Rules, shall be invested in the Public Funds or Government Securities of Great Britain, so as to accumulate at Compound Interest; and to remain for such full term of Seven Years undrawn upon for any purpose whatever, except for the necessary expenses incurred in carrying these Rules into full effect, and the funeral expences of Members, as hereinafter mentioned.

14. That no Member of this Association shall have any claim on the Funds thereof (except as hereafter provided) until he or she shall have subscribed to such Funds for the full term of Seven Years, nor then, if his or her Subscription is in arrear at the time of making such claim until payment of such Subscription and Fines incurred.

15. That any Member of this Association who shall have regularly contributed to its Funds for the Term of Seven Years shall at any time afterwards, on becoming incapacitated by age, accident, or infirmity, from exercising his or her duties as an actor or actress, be entitled to receive such Annuity for life, as the annual produce of the Funds of the Association shall from year to year afford; such annuity to be in each case calculated and apportioned according to the class of Subscription which the Member shall have adopted and paid.

16. That a Member of this Association, if a male, shall be admitted to claim, on the ground

of age, when he shall have attained the age of sixty years, and if a female, on her attaining fifty-five years, provided in each case the Member claiming shall have subscribed for seven years.

17. That no Member who shall be in the receipt of One Hundred and Twenty Pounds per annum, derivable from whatever property or source, independent of his or her claim on the Fund of this Association, shall be entitled to any Annuity out of such Fund.

18. That the claims of Members severally possessing independent annual Incomes of Fifty Pounds and upwards, but under One Hundred and Twenty Pounds, shall be regulated as follows, viz.:—A Member possessing Fifty Pounds, and less than Sixty Pounds per annum, shall not be entitled to a larger Annuity from the Fund of this Association than Seventy Pounds; if possessing Sixty Pounds, and less than Seventy Pounds per annum, to be entitled to no larger Annuity from this Fund than Sixty Pounds; if possessing Seventy Pounds, and less than Eighty Pounds per annum, to be entitled to no larger Annuity from this Fund than Fifty Pounds; if possessing Eighty Pounds, and less than Ninety Pounds per annum, to be entitled to no larger Annuity from this Fund than Forty Pounds; and if possessing Ninety Pounds and less than One Hundred and Twenty Pounds per annum, to be entitled to no larger Annuity from this Fund than Thirty Pounds. And that when once the Annuity of any claimant is settled, no increase can be made in the amount, although the said Annuitant should sell or dispose of the income which he or she was possessed of at the time of becoming a claimant; but if such separate income shall be lost or diminished through unavoidable misfortune, the Annuitant may state the circumstances to the Directors, who shall call a Special General Meeting of the Members to consider the case, at which Meeting such addition to the original annuity may be made as to the majority of members present may seem just and proper.

19. That all Claimants on the Fund of this Association on the ground of incapacitation by accident or infirmity shall be obliged, when they so claim, to make a legal Affidavit of the circumstances under which such claim is made; and that a Provincial Claimant shall, in addition to his or her own Affidavit, transmit a Certificate of such incapacitation, signed by two Members of this Association and a Medical Practitioner, or such other evidence as shall be equally satisfactory to the Directors.

20. Immediately on a Claim being allowed by the Directors, the Claimant shall, if he or she desire it, be allowed One Quarter's Annuity in advance; but on no account is any future quarterly payment or any part thereof to be made in advance.

21. That the Contributions of Members becoming Claimants on the Fund shall cease so soon as their Claims are allowed.

22. A Husband and Wife, being both Members of this Association, shall not be entitled to claim the one in right of the other; but each shall possess a totally separate and distinct claim.

23. That the highest Annuities proposed to be paid from the Fund of this Association be—to a Subscriber of the highest Class One Hundred and Twenty Pounds, to a Subscriber of the Medium Class Eighty Pounds, and to a Subscriber of the Lowest Class Forty Pounds, but that the Annuities to be granted shall always be duly apportioned to the Interest of the Funded Stock, the property of the Association, reference being nevertheless invariably made to the Class of Subscription to which the Annuitant belongs, as set forth in sections 9 and 10 of these rules.

24. That if any Member shall die in indigent circumstances, there shall be an allowance made from the Fund of this Association for his or her Funeral Expences, not exceeding the sum of 10*l.*, at any time after the original Funds shall be invested, or at any period after the commencement of any future Member's subscription, provided such Funeral Expences be applied for within six Calendar Months after the death of such Member.

25. That the Members of any Provincial Theatre inserted in the Schedule (marked A) at the end of these Rules shall be at liberty to elect any one of their body, being also a Member of this Association, to generally promote and protect the interests of the Association in his particular district.

30. That one third of the Directors appointed at the first General Meeting of the Members after the final adoption of these rules shall go out of office at the end of the first year, by Lots to be drawn amongst themselves, another third at the end of the second year, and after that, one third annually by rotation, their places to be filled up by Ballot at a General Meeting of the Members; the Directors so going out of office being notwithstanding eligible for re-election.

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